To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

I think not.

Notes


2. Quoted in Thomas McFarland, Coleridge and the Pantheist Tradition (Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1969), p. 322. A fuller treatment than the one I have given in this article of the relationships among these different sorts of theism can be found in my "McFarland, Pantheism, and Panentheism," forthcoming. Further, I should note that the edition of the poem I am using is Samuel Taylor Coleridge, The Rime of the Ancient Mariner (London: Chatto and Windus, 1978), although many other editions, with only minor differences among them, are easy to find, as in the Norton anthology.


SOMETIMES MY SHADOW

should cast me
beyond the place of the placid beast
carnivore, omnivore
unperturbed by imaginings

to a world of bloodless blades
quiet rooted things

a world where the only
fuel for life is light
and flesh part of a nightmare
nature never meant to dream
yet the shadow throws the self behind
in the mud

it can neither love nor leave
where rare feelings flutter and die
like bright moths with mock eyes
on sightless wings
sentiments evolving like orchids
amid the walter of carnal things

KRISTIN ARONSON